



Esmeralda's Lucky Charm



This Golden Book[®] belongs to



Esmeralda's Lucky Charm

By Margo Lundell

Illustrated by Cardona Studio



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L

ong ago an adventurous young gypsy named Esmeralda and her pet goat, Djali, arrived in the great city of Paris.

“At last, Djali!” Esmeralda said. “Our long journey is over.”





Esmeralda had little money. But she was so clever, she soon thought of a way to earn a living.

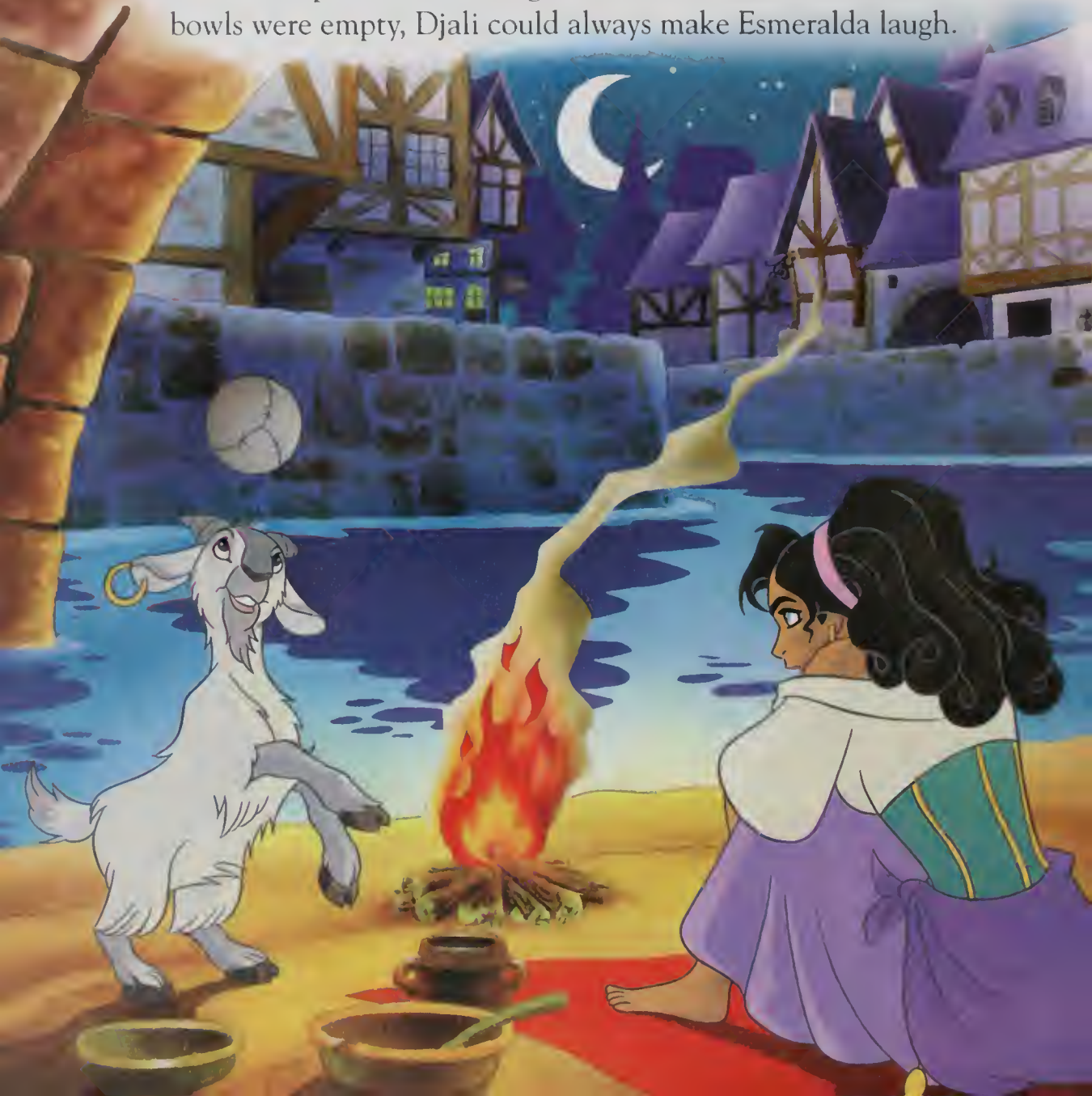
“Djali, I’m making a cart for you to pull,” she explained.

The next day Esmeralda harnessed Djali to the cart and led him to the open-air market.

“A special ride for the children,” she called out. “Only one spare coin!”



In this way Esmeralda and Djali usually earned enough to share a simple meal each night. But even when their dinner bowls were empty, Djali could always make Esmeralda laugh.





One morning as Esmeralda and Djali were waking up, they saw a bundle fall from a wagon overhead.

Esmeralda ran after the wagon to return the lost bundle. The elderly couple were very grateful. "Let me give you this bracelet in return," the wife said. "It was made by gypsies and will bring you good luck."

Before Esmeralda could reply, the wagon rolled on.





Esmeralda led Djali back to the cart, but then paused to take a close look at her bracelet.

"Maybe this will be our lucky day, Djali," she said.



Now Djali loved Esmeralda dearly, but all he could think about was how hungry he was. And without waiting to be harnessed, off he trotted. *Clippity-clop, clippity-clop.*



“Get out of my precious roses!” Esmeralda heard a flower merchant shout. But Djali just scampered away.



As Esmeralda helped the flower seller up, another angry merchant called: "You'll pay for this!" Djali just butted him and ran off. *Clippity-clop, clippity-clop.*



Minutes later there was more shouting. "Stop that goat!" cried yet another merchant. "He's chewed up my best baskets!"

The merchant tried to grab Djali, but the rascally goat galloped away.



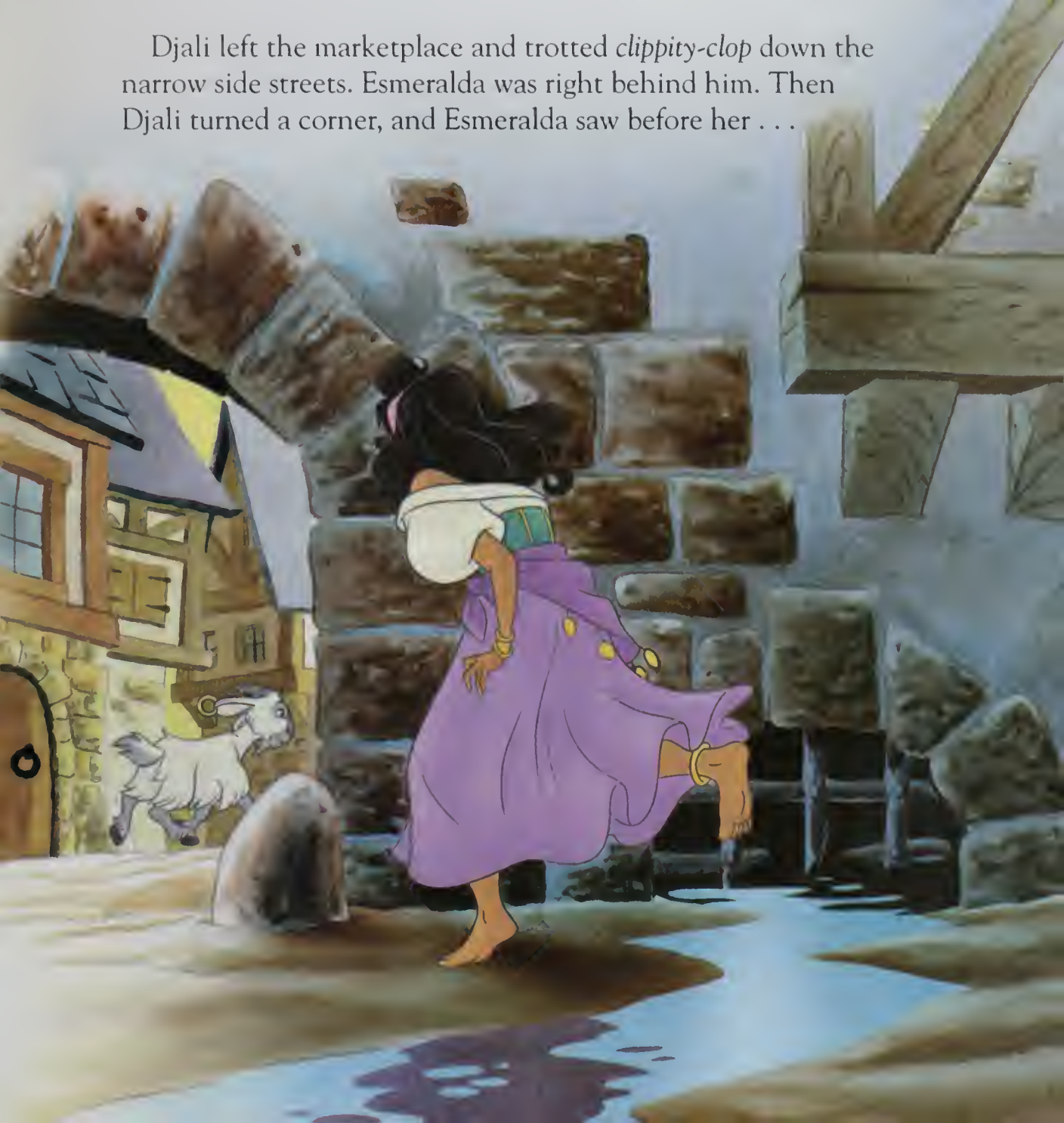


Soon Esmeralda lost sight of Djali. Then she remembered her bracelet. “This is *not* my lucky day after all,” she said, when she heard more cries from around the corner.



Esmeralda spotted Djali leaving another stall.
“Oh, my poor, poor fish,” a woman moaned.

Djali left the marketplace and trotted *clippity-clop* down the narrow side streets. Esmeralda was right behind him. Then Djali turned a corner, and Esmeralda saw before her . . .



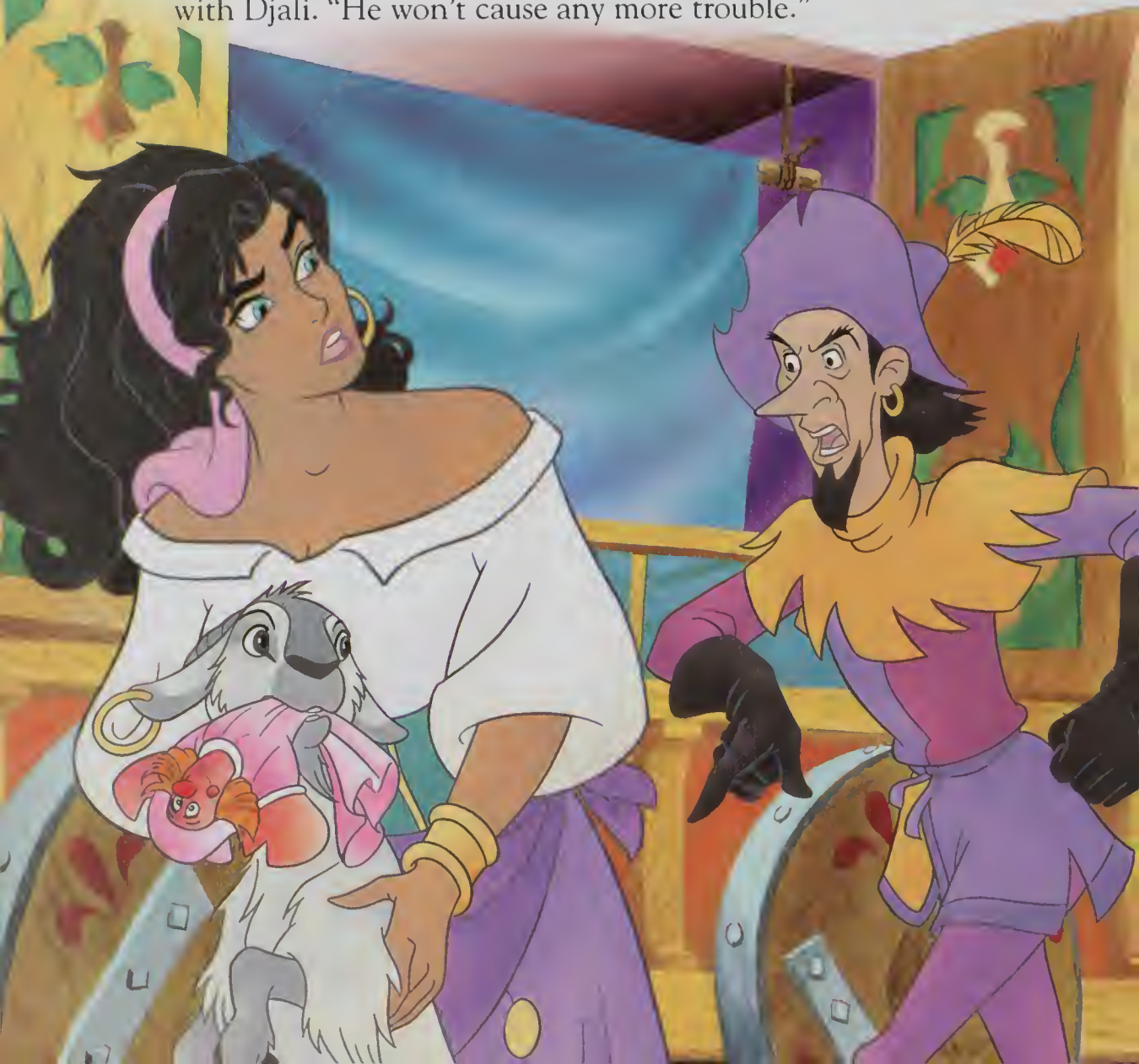


the most magnificent sight! It was the Cathedral of Notre Dame! As the cathedral bells began to ring, *dong, dong, dong*, Esmeralda chased Djali across the square, sure that the mischievous goat was headed for more trouble.



"Give me back that puppet!" shouted a man who was setting up a puppet show.

"I'm sorry, sir," said Esmeralda who finally had caught up with Djali. "He won't cause any more trouble."





The man, also a gypsy, suddenly noticed Esmeralda's bracelet. "Oh," he said quietly. "Let me introduce myself. I am Clopin. If you wear a gypsy bracelet, I must offer you my help."

That night Clopin brought Esmeralda to a gypsy gathering where she and Djali found all the food and friendship they could ever want.

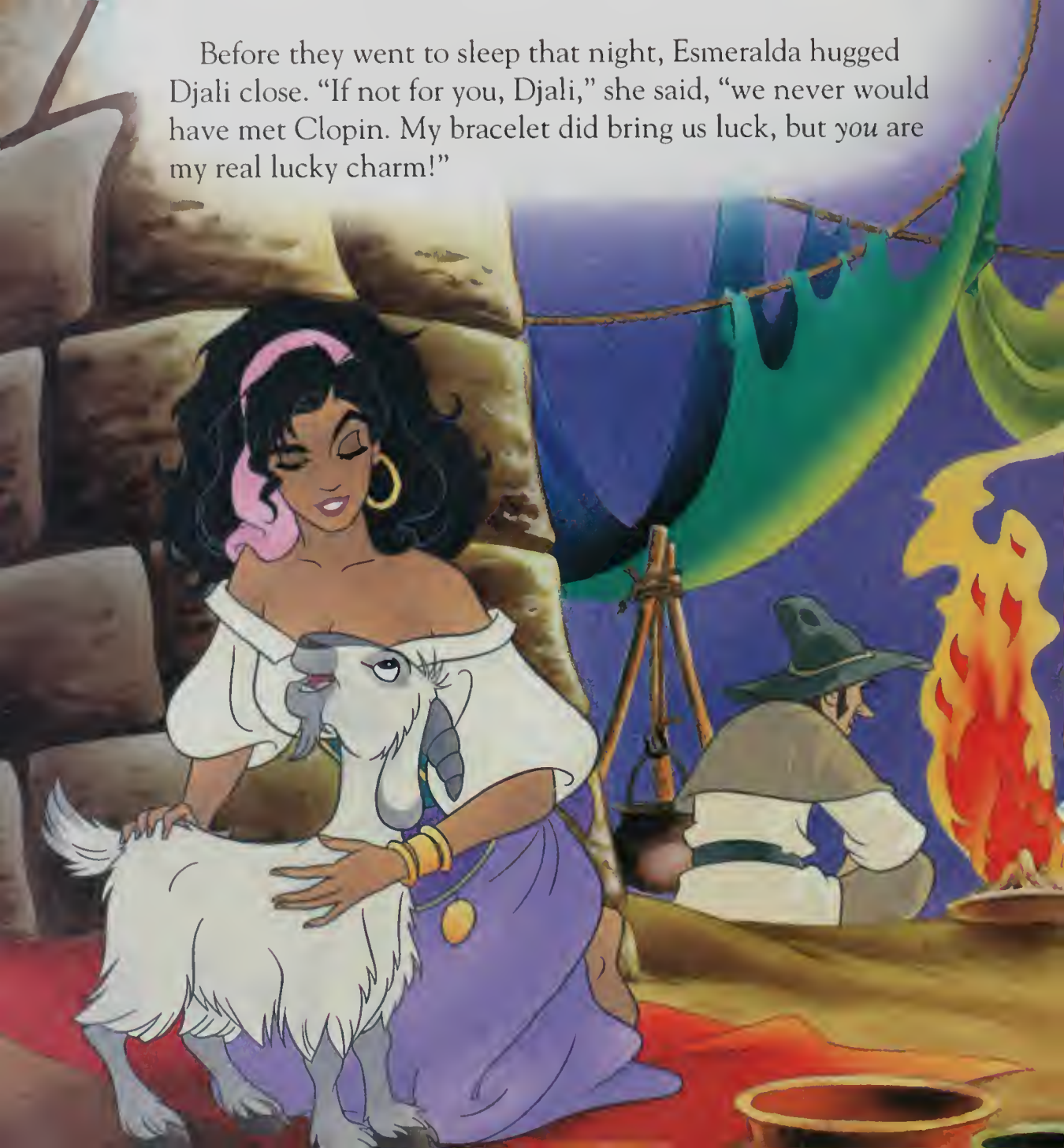
Clopin even offered to give Esmeralda some work. "Would you dance for the children before the puppet show?" he asked.

"If you will let Djali dance, too!" Esmeralda replied.





Before they went to sleep that night, Esmeralda hugged Djali close. "If not for you, Djali," she said, "we never would have met Clopin. My bracelet did bring us luck, but *you* are my real lucky charm!"





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In this original story the dazzling gypsy Esmeralda and her mischievous goat, Djali, arrive in Paris, friendless and penniless. But through a series of amusing mishaps, they soon meet the puppeteer, Clopin, and are invited into a world of love and friendship.



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